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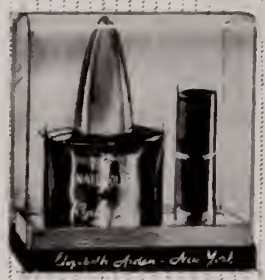
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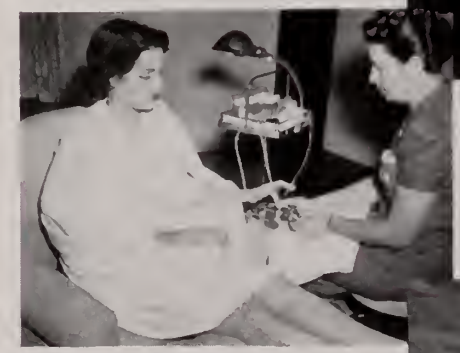
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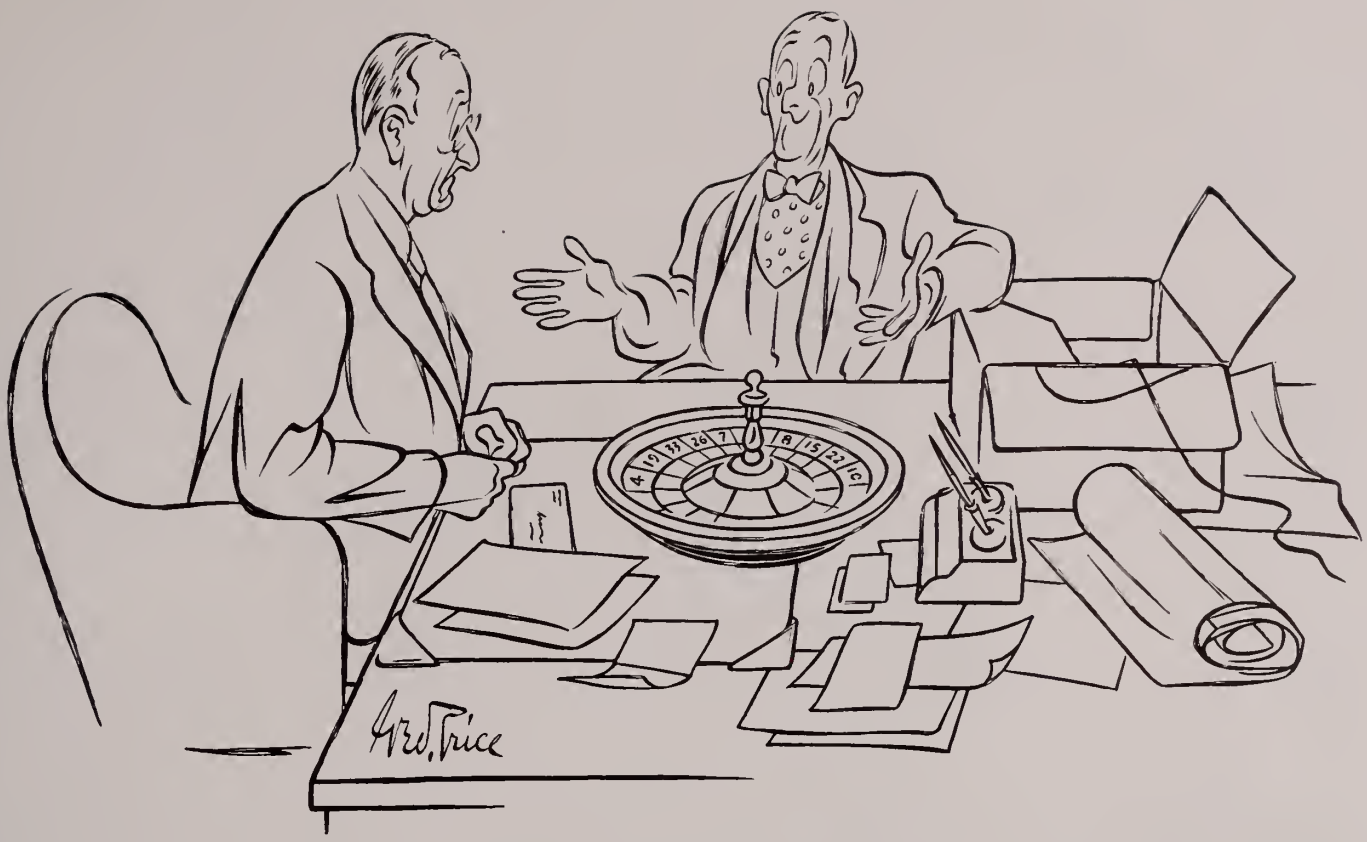
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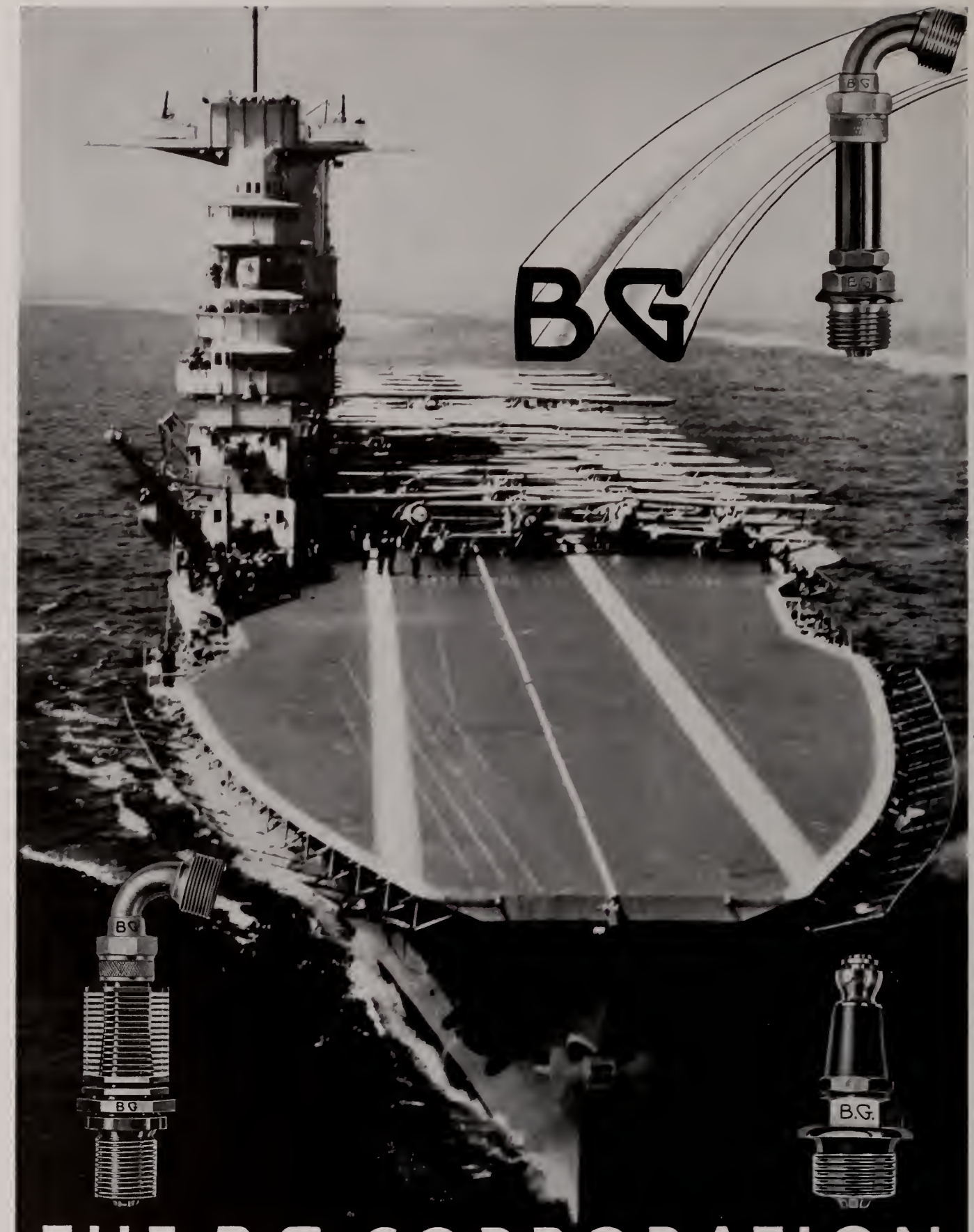
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American Theatre Wing
of
The British War Relief Society Incorporated

•

RESUME OF FIRST YEAR'S ACTIVITIES OF AMERICAN THEATRE WING

•

THE American Theatre Wing was organized a year ago by Rachel Crothers to unite the people of the theatre to aid in war relief work. Twenty-three years have passed since the last World War when many of the same women, under the leadership of Miss Crothers, and calling themselves the Stage Women's War Relief, raised nearly $7,000,000 and shipped abroad over 100,000 surgical dressing and hospital supply items.

In January, 1940, the American Theatre Wing was furnished with a workroom at Rockefeller Plaza by their parent organization, the Allied Relief Fund, which has now been amalgamated with The British War Relief Society. With a membership numbering over 2,000 men and women of the theatre, radio and screen, their activities have outgrown their present quarters and they will be housed in a larger workroom and executive office at 730 Fifth Avenue, under the same roof as The British War Relief Society.

During the past year the principal contributions from the American Theatre Wing to Britain have included 4 ambulances, 3 Mobile Feeding Kitchens, $4,000 to the Lord Mayor's Fund, 36,000 sewn and knitted garments, 50,000 new and used articles of clothing, $1,714 for children's shelters, $1,500 for blankets, $1,100 for children's cots and $1,300 for hospital bed equipment. The American Theatre Wing has also donated $1,000 to the British Actors' Orphanage Fund, which has been instrumental in bringing over sixty orphaned children to the United States. In addition to articles of clothing, the 450 cases which have been shipped from the workroom contained gauze, hundreds of cakes of soap and comfort kits for the wounded in hospitals. These articles have been distributed in England through agencies approved by the U. S. State Department and their receipt has been officially acknowledged from England.

That the work of the Wing is appreciated is further attested by the following:

Excerpt from a private letter:

London, September 9, 1940.

"We got a grand box from the American Theatre Wing. The clothes are just what we wanted—so if you could send some more cases for goodness sake do . . . so many of our people bombed out of house and home. It is devastating how one loses everything in one fell swoop."

Letter from the Hon. Sec. Nora E. Shaw of the Soldier's, Sailor's and Airmen's Families Association, 57 Cadogan Square, London, S.W.I., England:

October 22, 1940.

"Your quite magnificent case of clothing has just been unpacked by us. I can assure you many an exclamation of delight came from the unpackers as useful and excellent garment after garment was taken out. The tax on our resources is tremendous . . . so very many victims of air raids, dependents of our fighting men without clothes. Will you please thank all who are responsible for the noble gift."

* * *

Quotation from a letter written by Lady Ward, Chairman of the Allocation Committee of the Personal Service League in London:

December 30, 1940.

"I must tell you what a lovely mixed consignment of used and new clothing we are unpacking contributed by the American Theatre Wing. I have never seen such lovely clothes . . . they are beautiful quality and so well packed. I hope you can let whoever is responsible for this particular shipment know what a pleasure it has been to handle it."

* * *

Quotation from a letter to Constance Collier written by Constance Milne Gaskell:

London, November 8, 1940.

"I am commanded by Queen Mary to tell the members of 'The American Theatre Wing' how deeply Her Majesty appreciates the splendid work they are doing to help Great Britain in her desperate struggle to save the liberty of the world."

* * *

RADIOGRAM
R. C. A. COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

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30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA NEW YORK
MARVELOUS COATS JUST ARRIVED BITTER WEATHER

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FAMILIES ASSOCIATION

THE POWER OF THE THEATRE IS UNITED TO HELP BRITAIN NOW



NIGHT FALLS ON LONDON

Air-Raid Shelters Need Aid to Combat Hard Conditions

THE cold, hard floor of a subway station is home and bed tonight for thousands in London. As they lie packed like cargo in a ship's hold, the night is grim and harsh for them. Aching bodies, worry and anxiety, trouble their uneasy sleep.

The poorest of us in America can sleep in a bed tonight. Most of us have all the basic comfort man needs for contentment. Can we look at the spectacle pictured in the photograph above and not be moved to a fine anger that these things should persist, night after painful night?

Those herded men and women and their sons and daughters can take it. They are taking it. But it needn't be so rough. We can do something about it. A couple of dollars, for example, will buy a blanket. You can buy a blanket, or possibly a dozen, or even a hundred.

Betterment of shelter conditions is today one of the most pressing objectives of The British War Relief Society. Let us be generous, and quickly! Shelters need rubber ground blankets, mattresses, cots, kerosene stoves, thermos bottles, hot water bottles.

We Americans have a chance now to do something about this. Will we let the chance slip by?

THE British War Relief Society is the largest organization in the United States organized for the sole purpose of providing relief in Britain.

From generous contributors the Society has received more than $5,750,000 in cash donations and has more than 600 committees actively at work in all parts of the country.

The British War Relief Society does not conflict in any way with the American Red Cross, with which it has a close and co-operative understanding. The American Red Cross now takes care of the requirements of the British Red Cross, which, by its charter, is limited to aiding wounded combatants or civilians wounded by combatant action. The American Red Cross also furnishes in part some of the needs of certain governmental agencies, including the Women's Voluntary Services and, in addition, takes care of the shipment of all medical and hospital supplies, surgical instruments, vitamins, etc., for the British Hospitals Association.

The British War Relief Society endeavors to contribute to the needs of all major organizations in Britain, including those for the relief of the families of the fighting forces; for the relief of distressed civilians, evacuees, and refugees who have lost all through enemy action; for the care of men who have been blinded as a result of the war, and, in fact, strives to aid all the specific relief agencies covering the various fields of need.

Britain's most urgent needs today are equipment for air raid shelters, blankets, cots, rubber ground blankets, mattresses, stoves, thermos flasks: Mobile Feeding Kitchens; warm winter clothing for men, women and children; first aid equipment for rescue ships; medical supplies; and knitted goods.

In addition to money cabled to Britain, The British War Relief Society has furnished 100 ambulances and 160 ambulances on behalf of other organizations; 21 X-ray units; a complete mobile field X-ray unit; equipment and supplies for 9,000 hospital beds costing $360,000; 5,100 cots, with bedding, for air-raid shelters; 57,500 pairs of boots and shoes. It has also ordered to date 596 Mobile Feeding Kitchens, including trailer units, at a cost in excess of $1,000,000.

The British War Relief Society has also furnished and is maintaining 260 ambulances, mobile surgical units, first-aid vans and personnel wagons, which are operated by the Society's affiliate, American Ambulance, Great Britain; it has also provided $155,300 for the support of the American Hospital in Britain, Ltd., under the direction of Dr. Wallace H. Cole, with a staff of 29 American surgeons and nurses.

The Society, which, in common with the American Red Cross, enjoys free shipping facilities from the British Ministry of Shipping, has shipped for its own account and for other relief organizations more than 22,000 large packing cases of warm clothing, new and used, and woolen knitted goods, and has given out more than 400,000 pounds of wool to be knitted by its supporters.

Overhead expense of The British War Relief Society has totaled less than 7 per cent of the cash contributions received and less than 5 per cent of contributions of all kinds. The members of the Executive and Administrative Committees and the executive officers are all volunteers, serving without remuneration, and nearly all of those working on behalf of the Society throughout the U. S. A. are also volunteers.



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DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN

To all of you who have helped to make this Carnival for Britain what it is . . . the artists, the staff, orchestra and stage crew of Radio City Music Hall, and to all of you who are here to enjoy this splendid gesture of the American Theatre . . . I should like to express my heartfelt gratitude.

Through your cooperation, life for thousands in the cold dampness of Britain's air raid shelters will be made a little more bearable, a little more pleasant.

Thank you,

Gilbert Miller,

Chairman

Compliments of

"LADY IN THE DARK" COMPANY

Sam H. Harris
Moss Hart
Kurt Weil
Ira Gershwin
Hassard Short
Maurice Abravanel
Gertrude Lawrence
Margaret Dale
Natalie Schafer
Evelyn Wyckoff
Virginia Peine
Jeanne Shelby
Ann Lee
Jane Gordon
Victor Mature
Danny Kaye
Bert Lytell
Macdonald Carey
Donald Randolph
Dan Harden
Robert Edwards
Davis Cunningham
Edward Trevor

THE ALBERTINA RASCH DANCERS

Dorothy Byrd	Jerome Andrews
Audrey Costello	Nelson Barclift
Patricia Deering	George Bockman
June MacLaren	Andre Charise
Beth Nichols	Fred Hearn
Wana Wennerholm	William Howell
Margaret Westberg	John Sweet

Eric Schneider

THE CHORAL

Hazel Edwards	Eric Brotherson
Carol Deis	Max Edwards
Jean Cumming	Len Frank
Catherine Conrad	Gordon Gifford
Gedda Petry	Manfred Hecht
June Rutherford	William Marel
Florence Wyman	Larry Seigle

Harold Simmons

Settings designed by HARRY HORNER
Modern Gowns by HATTIE CARNEGIE
Costumes by IRENE SHARAFF

STAFF

Morris Jacobs	General Manager
John H. Potter	Company Manager
Ben Kornzweig	Press Representative
Myra Hampton Streger	Casting Director
John Kennedy	General Stage Manager
Bernard Hart	Stage Manager
John McCahill	Assistant Stage Manager
Frank Spencer	Assistant Stage Manager
Ward Tallmon	Assistant Stage Manager

ORCHESTRA

B. Listengart	S. Peuseur
M. Stonzek	L. Azzara
J. Carr	A. Singer
L. Pagano	B. Richterman
D. Le Winter	S. Raperman
A. Stumkoff	M. Small
I. Finkstein	P. Siebeneichen
P. Morrell	G. Epstein

M. Friedental

STAGE CREW

Robert Ritchie.....Master Carpenter

Lew Riley	Ray Van Beuren
Peter Joe	Herbert Hamilton

Otto Diehl.....Master Electrician

George Salthouse	Edward Vorbeck
George Rudolph	Michael Bernstein

Archie Cohen

Sam Roseman.....Property Master

George Sennfelder	Arthur Denham

Jennie Fuld.....Wardrobe Mistress

Max Herman	Lou Mathews

THE CHILDREN

Anne Bracken	Lois Volkman
Sally Ferguson	Kenneth Casey
Ellie Lawes	Robert Lee
Joan Lawes	Warren Mills
Jacqueline Macmillan	George Ward

William Welsh



Freedom of Speech

FOREWORD

BY RACHEL CROTHERS

President American Theatre Wing

TWENTY years ago the people of the American Theatre raised just short of seven million dollars for war relief. through their own organization, and one year ago picked up the threads of this work and have gone forward in much the old way, doing the things other such organizations do and some things which are the especial gift and province of the actor.

This time we have another generation in our ranks, and this time we are:

The American Theatre Wing
of
The British War Relief Society

The relationship between these two organizations is a very happy and successful one and the Theatre Wing is proud to give the entire proceeds of this benefit to The British War Relief Society to spend in our common cause, aid to Britain.

This Carnival of the Theatre is arranged and staged by the Men's Division of the American Theatre Wing. Gilbert Miller is its chairman and the members of its executive board are: Brooks Atkinson, Eddie Dowling, Vinton Freedley, Sam H. Harris. George S. Kaufman, Raymond Massey, Brock Pemberton, Arthur Richman. Lee Shubert. B. G. de Sylva, Walter Vincent and John C. Wilson.

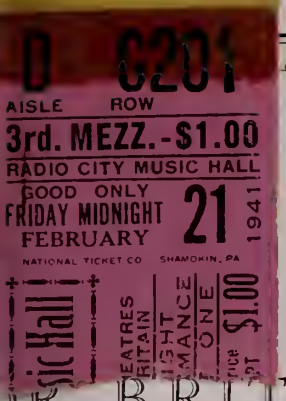
The one purpose of The Wing is to use the united power of the theatre to do its share of the grim work America has ahead of it—to help England stop the evil which is now stalking the earth—and to save civilization for all time.

Pro

of

CARNIVAL

1. OVERTURE RADIO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
 ERNO RAPEE, *Conductor*
2. OPENING ADDRESS—W. G. VAN SCHMUS
3. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL CORPS DE BALLET "Invitation to the Dance"
 Music by VON WEBER
 Soloists: MARIE GRIMALDI, NICHOLAS DAKS
 Choreography by FLORENCE ROGGE
4. GERTRUDE LAWRENCE "A Lady in the Dark"
5. BORIS KARLOFF
6. "WHEN THAT MAN IS DEAD AND GONE" *By* IRVING BERLIN
 Sung by: ST. ELMO JOHNSON CHOIR; EDWARD MATTHEWS, *Soloist*
 (*The Committee extends its thanks to Mr. Berlin for permission to use this number.*)
 LINDY HOPPERS
7. WALTER HUSTON (Absent).
8. LANNY ROSS
9. MAURICE EVANS Excerpts from "Richard II" and "Henry V"
 (*Musical accompaniment by Lehman Engel*)
10. RAVEL'S "BOLERO" ANTON DOLIN, LARRY ADLER
 (*Courtesy of Durand & Co., Paris; Ellson-Vogel Co., Philadelphia, copyright owners*)
11. FRED ALLEN
12. "INFORMATION PLEASE"
 Messrs. DEEMS TAYLOR, JOHN KIERAN, FRANKLIN P. ADAMS,
 OSCAR LEVANT *and* GUEST STAR (Clifton Fadiman).
 (*By courtesy of Dan Golenpaul*)
13. OLSEN AND JOHNSON
14. HIGHLIGHTS OF THEIR CAREERS
 PEGGY WOOD
 WILLIAM GAXTON and VICTOR MOORE
 GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN (Absent).
 VERA ZORINA
 "FOG"
 A song poem by JOHN LATOUCHE—*Music by* VERNON DUKE
 Choreography by GEORGE BALANCHINE
 DANNY KAYE



Attended with Mother, Trina Miedema and Gus — " — H.R. "

BRITAIN

15. THE DEMARCOS { Levitsky Waltz / "Begin the Beguine" by Cole Porter

16. ARTHUR TREACHER

17. GRACIE FIELDS
(Miss Fields appears by courtesy of the English Speaking Union)
Accompanist: HARRY PARR-DAVIS

18. BROCK PEMBERTON

19. AN AFTERNOON IN THE PARK
ETHEL MERMAN, HOWARD LINDSAY, JOE COOK, ETHEL WATERS

20. BILL ROBINSON

21. "BALLAD FOR AMERICANS"
Lyrics by JOHN LATOUCHE—*Music by* EARL ROBINSON
RAY MIDDLETON, *Soloist*
THE RUTGERS UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB
(F. AUSTIN WALTER, *Director*)
THE LYNN MURRAY CHOIR
THE ST. ELMO JOHNSON CHOIR
(EDWARD MATTHEWS, *Soloist*)
(Orchestration courtesy of Robbins Music Corp.)
(Costumes courtesy of Eaves Costume Co. and Brooks Costume Co.)
(Assistant on production, JANE GOODWIN)

22. GRAND FINALE
(a) THE YONKERS KILTIE BAND
Pipe Major, ANDREW GRIEVE
Secretary, NEIL K. KENNEDY
(b) COLOR GUARD OF THE BRITISH GREAT WAR VETERANS OF AMERICA
DR. WOODRUFF LAW POST, *President*
(c) MILITARY TAP—ROCKETTES
Number directed by GENE SNYDER
(d) GRACIE FIELDS "There'll Always Be an England"
HELEN HAYES, MONTY WOOLEY, OSWALD MARSHALL
(e) ENSEMBLE

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Martha Hodge
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"— on earth to men of good will!"

The American Theatre's Carnival for Britain

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, FEBRUARY 21, 1941

Contributors

ARTICLES AND POEMS

BROOKS ATKINSON
RUSSEL CROUSE
MAURICE EVANS
EDNA FERBER
RUTH GORDON
FANNIE HURST
RICHARD MANEY
BURNS MANTLE
ALICE DUER MILLER
ELMER RICE
ARTHUR RICHMAN
COLONEL STUART RODDIE
MARGARET WEBSTER
PEGGY WOOD

Drawings

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Editor of Program—BROCK PEMBERTON

Woman's Work

BY BROOKS ATKINSON

GENTS, I give you woman! Some one in Dickens once proposed that grandiloquent toast — probably Sam Weller or his father. No matter who: let us propose it now in honor of the good ladies of the American Theatre Wing. Since January, 1940, they have been working away at war relief on a war basis, sewing and knitting garments, collecting money and second-hand clothes impartially and dispatching everything to England through the British War Relief for general civilian use. A week's production of garments last November was one thousand, which was the best week up to that time. The American Theatre Wing has also bought two ambulances and two mobile canteens, $1,500 worth of blankets, $1,100 worth of powdered milk, contributed $4,000 to the Lord Mayor's fund for civilian emergency and $1,000 for the British Actors Orphanage Fund. It has recently bought 100 cots, blankets, mattresses, sheets and pillows for British children whose homes have been bombed out of existence, and it is paying the cost of bringing to America two of about 100 refugee authors now awaiting assistance.

Last Autumn a men's committee was organized under Gilbert Miller's chairmanship. It made deep masculine sounds for about two months before getting down to work. But the impractical and glamorous ladies of the stage, who are commonly suspected of being helpless, inefficient and vain, have been carrying on for more than a year without benefit of champagne or orchids. There is none of the excitement of the theatre in the preoccupied workrooms of the American Theatre Wing. Nothing but humdrum work goes on there.

* * *

When the Stage Women's War Relief organization jubilantly wound up its affairs on March 19, 1920, after the first World War, most people probably assumed that the job was finished. But Rachel Crothers, as president, concluded the venture more prophetically than she imagined:

"At least we know this," she said, "that if we are needed again in a call which must supersede everything else in the world, we are here and ready—and if it comes after we ourselves are gone we shall leave it in the annals of the theatre that the trained imagination of the theatre can be used for serving humanity in more ways than entertaining." Some of those who labored for three exhausting years in the Stage Women's War Relief of two decades ago have gone. But many remain and many other women have come into the theatre since. Last year Miss Crothers felt in her own mind that the old emergency had returned and would grow more urgent in the years ahead.

Since she had organized the Stage Women's War Relief by calling a preliminary meeting of six women, she began this time with the same procedure. She invited Josephine Hull, Antoinette Perry, Gertrude Lawrence, Theresa Helburn and Vera Allen to meet with her for a discussion. From that meeting the American Theatre Wing has developed into a working organization with a membership of over twelve hundred in New York and about two thousand in the country; and since most of the women come and go according to individual stage engagements, the organization runs pretty well under its own momentum without loss of direction. The girls are alarmingly clear-headed. A meeting of the executive board, which this correspondent was permitted to attend, got through more business without waste, sound or lost motion than all the meetings of the Critics Circle since it was founded.

* * *

Particularly during the last decade relief organizations have become so numerous that people regard each new one with mixed feelings of good-will and resignation. Relief organizations devour time and energy, both of which are precious. But when an organization gets under way with honest leadership and a cause that is understood it is astonishing how much help pours in from various sources. The American Theatre Wing has acquired many friends who are not in the theatre. A wholesale clothing manufacturer donated 1,000 warm coats for women and children. One hotel donated 112 blankets "as good as new." Twelve coffee merchants gave 4,000 pounds of coffee. Soap merchants give regular monthly donations of soap for civilian kits. The stockroom is constantly replenished by bolts of materials given by manufacturers and dealers. Once, when the stockroom was almost bare and the ladies of the workroom were becoming anxious, a dealer in materials who was not aware of the situation, telephoned that he was shipping 1,000 yards of tweeds and woolens. The makers of stage costumes send all sorts of materials. Expert tailors and fitters in some of the town's best dressmaking establishments have come in after their day's work to give instruction in cutting and sewing. Some boys in a school in Massachusetts are making patchwork quilts. A poorly dressed man one day left a pair of rubbers.

* * *

Money comes from many sources according to individual means. None of it has been more gratefully received than the $20 given by the cook of a celebrated actress, or the $1.97 that a seven-year-old boy raised by putting on two benefits or the $1 left one day by an unknown workman who dropped in. Thirty-seven hundred dollars was raised in the Autumn in collections taken in the theatres, most of it at the Lyceum, Music Box, Cort, Winter Garden and Morosco, where the managements permitted speeches from the stage. Now a plausible scheme is on foot for asking stars of stage, screen and radio to charge 5 cents for autographs for the benefit of the Theatre Wing. But none of these things takes precedence over the drudgery done day by day by the women who sew and knit, either in the workrooms that can accommodate forty or fifty people, or at home. There is nothing less theatrical than the American Theatre Wing's quarters. But people who know the women of the theatre are not surprised to find them devoting their time and imaginations to the service of others. Most of the theatre's female children got wings.

—From the *New York Times*

Tea for Two

BY RUSSEL CROUSE

BOMBS? Did anyone but the fantastic Mr. Hitler ever think for a moment that England couldn't withstand the cloudburst of fire and fury that has fallen upon it since the day the siren screamed the warning of the first Nazi raid. Then he didn't know the English.

A few years ago I was making the trip from Paris to London by way of what now turns out to be a Heaven-sent body of water, the English Channel. One of my companions was an Englishman in his early fifties, a former Davis Cup player, but except for his tennis, I should say an average Englishman.

We arrived safely at Dover and found there waiting to take us to London an institution known as a "tea train," which, it turned out, meant only that tea was served all the way to London. My companion immediately ordered his, as did every other Englishman in the car, and while we waited for it we must have indulged in some rather curious small talk because, for some reason or other, we found ourselves eventually discussing concussions of the brain, of all things.

"I've had six," announced my companion as though they were Scotches and sodas, and then proceeded, at my urging, to tell me about them.

The first, I remember, resulted from a bathing accident at Margate. The second came when he was run into by a bicyclist in a London fog. The third was a fall from a polo pony in India. The fourth and fifth have slipped my mind but the sixth I remember—vividly.

"I hit myself on the back of the head with a tennis racquet," he said. It seemed a little odd to me and I asked how, without being a contortionist, he had managed to achieve it. He rose to illustrate. As he did so a waiter, bearing a tea tray, came along the aisle. Instead of hitting himself on the back of the head, my friend hit the tea tray.

For a moment it rained tea and lemon and cream and sugar and all those funny, and slightly unappetizing, little cakes the English serve with their tea. Sitting across the aisle from us was a little, fat Englishman with a monocle. He got most of it. After a moment he looked up. He was wet, and wet with scalding tea. A trickle of cream coursed down his face. A blob of lemon covered his monocle. A cake rested on his head.

In America there would have been a fight. In France, a scene. In Italy, a revolution. But what happened in England? My friend looked down at his victim.

"Sorry, old man," he said quite calmly.

The half-drowned victim looked up.

"Quite all right," he said, just as calmly.

And the incident was over.

Bombs? Do you think bombs are going to bother an Englishman?

Noel Coward's magnificent song, "The Stately Homes of England," was written as satire. It has become irony. Not all of those stately homes are still standing. But Englishmen are still standing. Are we going to stand behind them?

"Don'ts" for Refugees

BY MAURICE EVANS

THE British are a strange race. To no one do they seem more strange than to a Britisher who has lived abroad for a considerable time. If our monumental insularity is hard for foreigners to understand, how much more baffling it can be to a native son returning to his homeland after a successful sojourn in the United States.

Personally I was never so humbled as when I walked into my London Club after an absence of three years, privately congratulating myself that my American exploits had probably been a staple topic of conversation in the club smoking-room while I'd been away. Instead, the doorman touched his cap with no more than his erstwhile cordiality, the oldest member emitted his customary grunt in my direction, but it was my old friend the barman who delivered the final blow by the manner of his greeting. After all this was a theatrical club, and when you have been abroad for a solid three years you do expect a little extra recognition. But not a bit of it. The barman gave me a polite "Good evening, sir," and "Shall I make it the same as usual?"—no more!

Time stands still for the expatriate Englishman in the eyes of his fellow countrymen, and America, to them, is still only a commodity fabricated in Southern California. This is very natural when you reflect that the average Englishman has not only never set foot outside his own island but even regards his annual trip to the ocean as a hair-raising adventure. Not one in a million has ever taken a sleeper-jump in his life, and a traveller to foreign lands is still a person slightly suspect. At one and the same time this narrowness is both the strength and the weakness of the English character; it explains to some extent the apparent arrogance of the Englishman, his fundamental shyness as well as his lack of adaptability.

America, in her warm, generous and forthright fashion has opened wide her arms to thousands of British refugees, made homes for them and showered kindness and hospitality upon them. Whereupon not a few of the guests have behaved in a manner not calculated to be conducive to good relations. As one who behaved abominably about almost everything when he first set foot in America and has since learnt to love and respect the country of his adoption, I feel the following hints and tips may not be amiss:

Don't think it is endearing to hear an English mother replying to the question, "Have you met anybody since you came over here?" *with* "No, not a soul; only Americans!"

Don't complain of the difficulty of locating a Post Office in New York. There practically aren't any.

Don't let your cherubic children write to your American acquaintance without censoring the letters. You may intercept one as I did last Christmas indicating an uncanny grasp of the monetary system. "I would like a small black purse for Christmas, please," it read, "with $10 in it."

Don't complain about drug-store tea; it is not intended to be anything but an emetic.

Don't expect courtesy from the Irish cop when you've just addressed him as "Constable".

Don't venture on the subway without a native guide. The entire subway system is a local New York pleasantry, and whatever your destination may be, you'll inevitably end up in Brooklyn.

Don't criticise American coffee just because it isn't made like yours at home—with curry powder.

Don't be surprised that no one knows the words of the "Star Spangled Banner"; you don't know the second verse of "God Save the King" anyway.

Don't ever bother to get to a railroad station at the advertised time of departure or you'll surely have time to kill. Catching American trains is so easy it's almost unfair—like shooting a sitting pheasant.

Don't neglect a single opportunity of saying "Thank you," because we've got a hell of a lot to be thankful for.

Thank You, England

BY EDNA FERBER

YOU step into the taxi. And you say to the driver, Oh, turn that radio off, for pity's sake! Then, No, you say. Leave it on. Leave it on because it means freedom. Leave it on because there's no country other than this in the whole world in which you can flick that knob as you ride along the streets and hear, if you like, President Roosevelt talking to the United States; Senator Wheeler playing Blind Man's Buff; Wythe Williams turning Europe inside out for us; Ethel Waters singing Irving Berlin's new song called "When That Man Is Dead and Gone"; news from Sweden, England, France, Greece. Noise, but the noise of the free. Hear what you please, when and where and how you please, by turning the dial. Thank you, England.

What a pity that peaches and raspberries and canteloupes aren't as plentiful in winter as in summer, it's so tiresome having the same old oranges or grapefruit for breakfast. Oranges twenty-five cents a dozen. Grapefruit five cents apiece. Piled up in bins. Drink down the golden vitamins, drink down the tangy juice, scoop out the pale yellow sections, cold and astringent. There's no other country in the world where they are so cheap and so plentiful. In Germany, Holland, Norway, Russia, Sweden, France, Belgium, you can scarcely get them at all; you simply do not see them. Florida on the Atlantic. California on the Pacific. Free. Untouched. Bounteous. Thank you, England.

Pull down the shades. Draw the curtains. No, don't! Let the light stream out into the night. Let it pour out over the darkness. Let the moon shine down to meet the neon lights, the arc lights, the street lamps, the house lamps, the electric winking signs in every city and town and village in the United States. It is wonderful to have light at night. Unshaded. Glaring. Brilliant. Flashing. Light at night. Thank you, England.

Shall we motor down or take the train? Oh, let's drive down. Stop over at Washington, maybe, and on down to Virginia and Tennessee. It might be fun to take a look at the TVA thing. Learn something, for once. A hundred miles—five hundred—a thousand. Across the continent. Oil enough for all. Oil for the motor cars of America and a motor car for every four inhabitants. No other country in the world so lavish with the precious fuel. How they long to take it from us, those Boys With the Axis. But the great rich black lakes of oil flowing beneath Texas and Oklahoma and California are intact because these shores are yet uninvaded. Thank you, England.

The things we consider necessities are Europe's luxuries. The little everyday things that we take for granted as if they were air and water and sun—these are the unattainable elsewhere. For the everyday things for which we have forgotten to be thankful we thank you, England. Thank you.

The Mind's Eye

BY RUTH GORDON

THE postman dropped a letter through the slot in the door of Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong's Hairdressing Shop. Mrs. Armstrong stopped brushing my hair and went over to pick it up. "Oh," she exclaimed, looking startled, "it's the letter from Lowestoft."

"Where the beautiful china comes from," I said, for want of a better remark.

"Yes," Mrs. Armstrong replied, only half attentive, "and where my uncle lived. This would be a letter from the Coast Guard there. I wrote them about my uncle's house. To see if it was still standing, that is."

"Don't you want to stop and read it?" I suggested.

"So many changes going on, I rather felt I'd like to know. No, I won't read it now, thank you very much, Miss Gordon. I'll wait till Mr. Armstrong comes in. English mail comes so rarely, we rather like to wait and read it together."

"Was your uncle one of them . . . the Coast Guard, I mean?"

"Oh no, my uncle was in the herring trade. I don't really think he knew any of the Coast Guard, that is, not particularly, anyway, but he left his house to them when he died. You know, the sea kept washing away the land and my uncle hoped that if the Coast Guards actually owned the property they might find a way to protect it. The sea washes away all the land along the coast of Suffolk and there's really nothing one can do. It's the same with Norfolk . . . that's the adjoining county where most of my people came from.

"My uncle had a whole library full of books about Suffolk and Norfolk, all there was to know. Yes, really, everything was in that library, except how to keep the land from being washed away. It's a rare problem, there's no doubt. The old port of Dunwich, you know, gone altogether, and a number of places they've found whole submarine forests, trees that grew under the sea. My uncle's house had a look-out and it was on quite a steep cliff. I remember it clearly, though I haven't seen it in twenty years. The last time I did see it, it gave me quite a turn. In the old days the house had been separated from the sea by a paddock, but the sea had crumbled the paddock away. Lately with everything changing so, one couldn't help but wonder whether the Coast Guards still have the house or whether it, too, has crumbled into the sea. It was rather like a landmark, you know. And, of course, if it is gone, then I wouldn't see Lowestoft quite so clearly in my mind's eye."

Mrs. Armstrong paused and looked thoughtful. "Lowestoft is the easternmost point in England, you know," she said gently. "One wouldn't like that to change."

Over Here — Over There

BY FANNIE HURST

HERE in a magical auditorium that is what you might expect of this magical city of ours, is a dazzling stage show.

There is another show, too, on the audience side of the footlights. It is the spectacle of hundreds and hundreds of American faces; the faces of unpunished men and women who do not bear across their memories, their hearts or their minds, the scars of an enslaved people. This audience is made up of a free citizenry. These people, seated peacefully in this fine auditorium, have come out of free homes, free communities, and free activities, and they are going back into homes that contain their children sleeping in safety in unblacked-out houses, under secure roofs.

That, sketchily, is us. A community at peace, secure, for the moment at least, and guaranteed by our Constitution and our Administration, the democratic way of life.

That is our way! And our heads and our hearts are high with pride in that democratic way.

So much for this aspect of us in tonight's drama. And now comes contrast to accent it; dreadful contrast.

Picture a second metropolis, this time in England. There too, the democratic way of life is as dear and close to their hearts as it is to ours.

But in London tonight it is impossible for a scene such as this one, to be taking place. Because, over the British scene, as if by appointment with the night, there comes the banshee

yowl of warning that the democratic-way-of-life is about to be bombed and gutted; that English children, asleep in their beds, are in danger of destruction; that the dignity and beauty of centuries of empire-building, is to be reduced to wreckage by the fury and the vandalism of bandit enemies to whom free peoples are obstacles.

Contrast this London scene, which is taking place even as we sit in these comfortable chairs, with the blessed privilege of this audience to leave this theatre, and through lighted streets and beneath unridden skies, return to the orderly pattern of its homes.

Contrast this, and then, O prideful America, dedicated to your democratic ideals, give out of your bounty, to perpetuate those ideals, both for this beloved democracy of ours, and for the perpetuation of those same ideals in Great Britain, which shares them with us.

We are sister-nations under our skin. We are kith and kin. This is a dramatic and stirring moment of contrast between our two countries, and it is within our power to help determine the destiny of that British democracy overseas, as well as our own American right to survive.

Parts of London lie in ruin tonight, and new havoc may be crashing this very instant; new cathedrals toppling to debris. But imagine, if you can, that from beneath the ruins, muted but not silenced, organ notes of resurrection are already pressing through fallen brick and mortar, their halleluiah to the democratic-way-of-life.

With our help, it shall survive!

With our help, they shall not pass!

"Ready to Ride . . ."

BY RICHARD MANEY

WHAT could be seen by the dawn's early light of February 8 was tawny Tony DeMarco slithering over the frozen tundra of Central Park for a rendezvous with the carousel, hard by 66th and Fifth. A tryst with a merry-go-round? Does that seem daft conduct on the part of an old Buffalo boy who, thanks to the alchemy of necessity, became an overnight Argentine, a bogus emigre from La Nacionale, Buenos Aires, when the tango was in flower?

The heretic trek of Mr. DeMarco may well mark the end of a legend, the legend which holds that no employed actor becomes vertical before noon. He had been summoned, our Antonio, along with a legion of other sun-dodgers, that a pictorial clue to the imminence of "Carnival for Britain" might beam at beholders from the Sunday newspapers. One need be no Fadiman, no Kieran, to know that in the trade for a player to part with his pillow before Phoebus ploughs the meridian is a heresy comparable to volunteering a salary cut. The early bird? In a world of actors worms would all die of arteriosclerosis.

These fugitives from Ripley—Arthur Treacher, Gene Kelly, June Havoc, Ole Olsen, Boris Karloff, Muriel Hutchinson, Irene Bordoni and the iconoclast DeMarco—were all astride their oaken steeds and beaming into a battery of cameras at the stroke of twelve (noon)—and all the world wondered.

It would be pleasant to report that Sabbath testimonials to their fortitude, their scorn of convention, blossomed in the papers of the next day. But no Karloff grimace, no Bordoni come-hither, no Olsen guffaw broke through a column. Was their joint labor lost, their sacrifice in vain? Not quite! PM, fascinated by Miss Havoc's ankles as they curved from a wooden Man O' War, paid pictorial tribute to both over the caption: "June Havoc and Friend".

The friend? Well, it was Arthur Treacher, now sensitive to the significance of that immortal line, "I shoulda stood in bed."

The conduct of the octet which braved that frosty morning that Manhattan might barge down on the Music Hall tonight cued other players into violations of their creed. Maurice Evans was picked up in the rotunda of the Grand Central Terminal at ten one Monday morning to sit in judgment on candidates for Queen of the Carnival. Fredric March was torn from his toast at eleven and Victor Moore was blinded by a sun he had never seen before in the East to aid and abet the full-length Hamlet in this enviable chore.

Actresses stood up their hair-dressers, comedians skipped their matutinal nipups, sopranos bolted their coffee, that tidings of "Carnival for Britain" might reach every village and farm. Many of them will face you tonight, still starry-eyed from their collision with the dawn.

Awakening

BY BURNS MANTLE

ONCE I heard a dying man say: "No! Don't send for a minister. Such religion as I have came to me with my mother's milk. I'm content." Love of country, love of humanity, patriotism, the broader sympathies, social consciousness—these all may be individual emotions similarly acquired. But there usually is a definite point of contact at which individual awareness begins to function. Years and years ago what was left of the Mantle family was standing at the prow of a fishing schooner entering the harbor of San Diego, Calif. They had been eight months a part of a colonizing scheme in the State of Sinoloa, in Old Mexico. They had withdrawn from the colony with empty stomachs and empty purses when the scheme flattened. They had camped on a sandbar in the Gulf of Mexico for thirty days, awaiting a steamer that was returning from Guaymas, Mexico, to San Francisco, Calif. The steamer company had agreed to send a small boat ashore and pick them up. They had been picked up, landed at Ensenada, Lower California, and transferred to the fishing boat to finish the journey. The Mantle boy was 12 and, being 12, he had edged as near the peak of the ship as a timid mother would allow. Suddenly the skyline of San Diego flashed into view through a morning mist. Directly in its center, flying over the blessed huddle of American built houses, an American flag, stretched out by a breeze, focused itself on the attention of the small Mantle. It was, he decided, the most beautiful thing he had ever, ever seen. And straightway he began to bawl. And to try not to bawl, lest someone would see him and think him sissy. . . . He doesn't know today just what that experience has to do with the Carnival for Britain—except that somehow it draws one Mantle closer to the descendants of his forebears. He has known ever since he was 12 what love of country means.

Love of England

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

THE English love their country with a love
Steady, and simple, wordless, dignified;
I think it sets their patriotism above
All others. We Americans have pride—
We glory in our country's short romance.
We boast of it, and love it. Frenchmen, when
The ultimate menace comes, will die for France
Logically as they lived. But Englishmen
Will serve day after day, obey the law,
And do dull tasks that keep a nation strong.
Once I remember in London how I saw
Pale shabby people standing in a long
Line in the twilight and the misty rain
To pay their tax. I then saw England plain

* * *

And were they not English, our forefathers, never more
English than when they shook the dust of her sod
From their feet forever, angrily seeking a shore
Where in his own way a man might worship his God.
Never more English than when they dared to be
Rebels against her—that stern intractible sense
Of what no man can stomach and still be free,
Writing: "When in the course of human events . . ."
Writing it out so all the world could see
Whence come the powers of all just governments.
The tree of Liberty grew and changed and spread,
But the seed was English.

I am American bred,
I have seen much to hate here—much to forgive,
But in a world where England is finished and dead,
I do not wish to live.

These excerpts from "The White Cliffs" are reprinted with the permission of the author and Coward-McCann, Inc., publishers of the book.

Flight to the West

BY ELMER RICE

INGRAHAM

Well, when I came aboard this plane, I was in a state of confusion and bewilderment—filled with a sense of defeat and frustration. But now my faith and my sense of values have been restored—by what Charles did and by a very illuminating talk I've just had with Dr. Walther.

HOPE

Well, that I don't understand at all! How could talking to that Nazi make you believe in anything but the certainty of universal destruction?

INGRAHAM

No! That's what I've learned on this plane—that it's not their way of life that will win in the end, but ours. I see clearly now something that I only sensed before. It's just this: that rationality carried to its ruthless logical extreme becomes madness, because man is a living and growing organism and not a machine, and in all the important things of life, a sane man is irrational. Do you see what I mean?

HOPE

Yes. Yes, I think I do! You mean what Charles did—!

INGRAHAM

Yes, exactly. An impulsive act that goes beyond reason and self-interest. That's how sane people live—illogically, instinctively, intuitively. Thinking with their feelings, rather than with their minds. Reaching out to each other, trusting each other. That means flexibility, and in flexibility there's strength and the potentiality of growth. But the other thing is rigid and in the end there's no strength and no growth in that—only brittleness and sterility. That's the issue: rational madness against irrational sanity. It sounds paradoxical but it's true. And, in the long run, madness will lose; because madness is disease and sanity is health and, if disease wins, it means the end of the world and no healthy man can believe in that.

This excerpt from Act III, Scene 3, of "Flight to the West" is reprinted with the permission of the play's author and Coward-McCann, Inc., publishers of the book.

England Is Herself Again

BY ARTHUR RICHMAN

CIVILIZATION will survive if England wins; if England loses it may not.

The first time I saw England, I had the feeling that Dickens and Thackeray and Henry James had arranged it for me. The first two long dead, their shades had come from the grave and joined the still-living James in a conspiracy to make it look as I had expected.

For it did. James somewhere has an American say of an English country church: "How it makes a Sunday where it stands!" I saw just such a church as I looked from the train window on the way from Plymouth to London. The train was too far from the center of the villages it passed through for you to get an idea of particular points, but the tracks were elevated in some places and you caught glimpses of country lanes with embankments of moss and turf which were exactly like the lanes and embankments you had read about. And the grass, especially while you were in Devonshire, had precisely the shade of green it was expected to have, with that peculiar effect of a russet color shooting through it which isn't there at all but is a kind of exhalation from the soil in which it grows.

Next morning, in London, I found the Temple. I read the other day that the Temple had been hit by a bomb. If that is so, the Temple, disastrously, no longer looks as it did in the time of Dickens. But it did in 1909. So did the streets and the shops, for the most part anyhow, the river and the homes, and the squares and the parks.

When I met the people I found differences, yet never complete ones. You can't be preoccupied with matters of the moment, as everybody must, and still retain the precise look of your predecessors; but even the most blatantly up-to-date recalled by his speech and manner and especially his point of view, the people who had gone before. The whole effect, for me, was of sturdiness, and of humanness too, and subsequent visits never changed it. There were cruelties in English life and it is no excuse to say that they existed be-

cause they always had, but you felt they would be eradicated in time. What you felt more than anything else was that everything had been tried and the things that had been kept were the things that worked the best.

The English lived up to what I conceived as their tradition, through the World War. There were individual acts of heroism, but they occur in every nation; what the English had in addition was a mass-fortitude that is peculiarly their own. And their humanness was shown in the way they accepted the whole situation. While the Germans were singing "The Hymn of Hate" Punch was publishing a good-natured cartoon of "A Prussian Family Enjoying Its Morning Hate"; while pictures of dying soldiers amused the enemy, the English were laughing about "The Better 'Ole."

After the war came the Age of Cynicism. The essentially English qualities were no longer popular. The English were ashamed of having been as they were and apologized for it. You heard a word like "disillusion," itself a pretentious term for an Englishman to use; and with the imitation of foreign ways, those things which had seemed most English began to disappear.

Since then something has happened. It seems to be connected with Dunkirk, for even up to Dunkirk there were doubts and there have been no doubts since. What has happened is that the English are themselves again. The English can't be separated from the past when they are themselves, and if England survives, the values which civilization has tried and found worth while will survive with her. There will be evils, since this isn't a perfect world, but there will be changes, and at least the good will be safe. "The English had a soul," someone said the other day. "They lost it. Now they have it again." And that just about sums it up.

The Basement in the Blackout

BY COLONEL STUART RODDIE

MY BASEMENT is in an old Jacobean, monastic house. The walls are thick, the floors of great slabs of stone. The Gothic arched roofs are strong enough to support the debris of the whole house if it were bombed.

The common element of danger had brought "upstairs" and "downstairs" into the common residence of the "basement". I had moved my bed at the beginning of the blitzkrieg into a small room in this, to me, hitherto unknown world. One Sunday morning I read the story of a journalist who had spent five hours in search of eggs. After a five-hour round of the grocery stores he had been able to buy four. Later in the day I went into my kitchen and was amazed and a little awed by the sight of two dozen beautiful brown eggs.

"Mrs. Gummell," I asked, "where did these come from?"

"Well, sir," she said with great complacency, "I have my ways and my means."

"You mean that you have your ways and MY means?"

"Well, sir, if I may say so, the one would be no good without the other."

I discovered that her sister-in-law's farm had been bombed and the eggs were part of the salvage. Mrs. Gummell could never have been suspected of hoarding. She just used those ways which I have known for twenty years to accumulate a maximum of the legal ration (and maybe a wee bit more) and this she immediately dispensed at my expense to any worthy cause on the slightest provocation.

"I wish to suggest, sir," and here she brushed an imaginary crumb from her black lustre dress (I have learned to know the gesture, it invariably precedes a suggestion which I may need a little persuasion to accept), "that you throw open the servants' hall as a shelter. So many people get caught in a raid during the black-out who cannot find their way to the public shelter that I thought you might like to do this."

"Your ways and my means again, Mrs. Gummell?"

"Exactly, sir, but if we are to be blown to smithereens at any moment it might be something to your advantage at the day of judgment." The inference was that I could do with all the advantage I could pile up, but it was delicately conveyed.

"I see your point, Mrs. G. Go ahead with your shelter." The radiance of her smile left me with the uncomfortable thought that she intended to steal my thunder at that day of judgment.

In less than half an hour the notice was up. "Shelter for Strays. 8 P.M. to 6 A.M." And that same night the strays came. Some came from nearby areas where a delayed action bomb lay unexploded, night nurses going off duty, day nurses going on, charwomen, hotel employees going on night-shift. A cross-section of every class and profession.

I was sleeping fitfully between the bursts when a new sort of noise awakened me to the full consciousness that something untoward was happening in the front area on which my windows opened.

"Ow crikey, wot 'ave I done to meself now?"

I went out, picked Mrs. Merryweather up and led her battered, bruised and a little breathless inside. She had slipped on the top step on the iron stairway that led from the pavement to the area, slithered down and hurt herself "in all sorts of plyces."

Now, if it had not been for that basement idea of Mrs. Gummell's I would have missed one of the most entertaining and illuminating nights of the war. Mrs. Merryweather, whose acquaintance I was making for the first time, was a "char" and she was a character. She had four children whom she washed, fed, kissed and slapped alternately but with great regularity.

Mr. Merryweather, who was the apple of her eye, suffered "somethink awful with the 'antheritis' " and was practically bedridden.

I led her to the shelter—despite her protests that she was "ashymed to be seen with er bonnet all over one eye, and her skirts 'Eavens knows where." She sank into a deck chair and immediately took the assembled multitude, fourteen in all, into her confidence.

" 'Whom the Lord loveth 'e chayseth.' And 'e must 'ave took a great fancy to me for 'e 'as been a chaysin' of me good and plenty for the lawst arf hour. Regent's Park, Hoxford Circus, Marble Arch and now 'ere. Blyme where am I? Aladdin's Kyve?"

For the next two hours she was the life and soul of the party. The sleepers awakened, the knitters dropped stitches, the readers turned their books face downwards and all gave their undivided attention to the little scrubwoman who was "so much on her knees in a professional wye that prayin' just came natural" to her. But times were bad, so many of the offices were closed now and she had a hard time fending for her invalid husband and her four 'oly terrors—bless their dirty little fyces."

"Why don't that 'Itler marry and settle down decent like? Four scraps of 'oliness like mine wouldn't leave 'im with no time to carry on 'is bits of nonsense"!

"How would you like to scrub my floors, Mrs. Merryweather," I asked. "Can you tackle flagstones?"

"Tackle—I'll wyve 'em for you if you'll give me the job."

At 4 A.M. Mrs. Gummell came in.

"I thought they would like a cup of tea." "But," I whispered despairingly, "We're rationed," and, noting the look on her face I added quickly, "Don't dare repeat that crack about the day of judgment."

"I was thinking rather of the widow's cruse." With which cryptic remark she departed to the kitchen.

"Tea!" said Mrs. Merryweather. "Wot did I sye? Aladdin's Kyve that's wot it is. If ever I 'ave to fight, I don't want no roast beef of old England. Give me a carvin' knife and a good 'ot strong cup o' tea and SHOW ME 'ITLER."

At five o'clock I went to my room. The "All Clear" had gone and the new day had dawned. I left Mrs. M in deep whispered conversation with a tall, distinguished looking woman who wore several "orders" on her nursing uniform and who was pencilling notes in a little address book.

Since my return to America, Mrs. Gummell's letters have been a source of great joy. In one just arrived she writes: "Everything is as usual in the house except that an incendiary bomb came thro' the roof two days ago and burned out part of the top floor. Next door is completely wrecked. The house in the mews at the back has been demolished by a direct hit and two people killed. You can imagine that there is a good deal of debree to be cleaned up. Otherwise everything is normal and there is nothing to worry over. The shelter is full every night, but I think a good many come only for the tea. I am serving it weaker now——. I am glad to know that you are speaking so much for charity. I am sure it will be all to the good on the day of judgment."

Business As Usual

BY MARGARET WEBSTER

"CARNIVAL FOR BRITAIN" . . . that is right. That is how they would want it, I believe; not mourning for Britain, nor pleading for Britain, nor solemn ceremonial; but Carnival, here in New York where a million windows still blaze with light against the unthreatening sky, for Britain.

A friend of mine escaped from Dunkirk. As he swam for the nearest ship, through the curtain of explosions and flying steel, he became aware of two other steel-helmeted heads, churning through the smoke and oil-covered sea beside him. From beneath one of them issued the familiar clipped drawl of a Guards' Officer. "But, my DEAR," said

the steel hat to its companion, and paused for an instant as a bomb threw a column of water into the sky, "I never could THINK why he married her. I always *said* she was common."

The glimpses we get of this nation, fighting for its life, no single member of it securely assured of living from any one hour to the next, do not indicate any great solemnity. My cousin, taking refuge in a strange and very flimsy air raid shelter, became fascinated by the spectacle of a small East End child, absorbed in a tuppence-coloured edition of "Tarzan of the Apes." Its mother kept on glancing at it in an irritated way, as the shelter shook with each explosion and the child never so much as lifted an eye from the enchanted pages. At last she could bear it no longer, and gave her offspring an impatient dig in the ribs. "Oh, fer Gawd's sake, give over," said she, "and pay attention ter the air raid."

The theatre, it seems, does not pay undue attention to the air raids. From the twice-bombed Drury Lane, concert parties are sent out continuously, sometimes as many as seven in a day from the hospital section alone. Up in Lancashire the Old Vic organization, driven from both its London homes, sends out two play repertory companies, two opera companies, and its famous ballet, still one of the finest in the world. One of the companies, headed by Sybil Thorndike and Lewis Casson, tours "Macbeth" among the much-bombed mining villages of South Wales, thirty-seven places in ten weeks, mostly in miners' welfare halls. A girl in the company writes that she is playing Donalbain, the Third Witch, Young Macduff and the Gentlewoman, and adds "so you see, it's all most enjoyable." Shakespeare is done every noon in the centre of London. The entirety "Hamlet" packs the place.

When I was a child we had another war. It was, by comparison, quite a little war. But aeroplanes contrived to drop a few bombs. They dropped them around where I lived; we would find bricks nicked out of the walls and windows broken, and pieces of shrapnel on the roof. I remember thinking that it was all quite exciting. I remember that we sat in improvised shelters on the lower floors of the building, played guessing games, till the Boy Scouts rode through the streets on bicycles, blowing little tin trumpets which signified "All clear, All clear!" I remember that everybody looked rather funny, wrapped in blankets, with a hang-over of curlers in the hair. It's not so funny, in 1941, as it was to a child in 1917. Even the children do not find it funny, in spite of the best efforts of Tarzan. But we, here, can still rejoice. We can rejoice that our kinsmen, speaking our language, thinking our thoughts, can confront death with courage, and a high heart. We can still hold, as they would wish us to hold, Carnival For Britain. We can still hope that no future generation of children need ever confront death, as our generation did, however lightly, as this generation is doing, however seriously. We can still help to free the children of the world forever from the fear of "the terror that walketh in darkness." We can still keep alight the lighted windows of the world.

Salute to Actors

BY PEGGY WOOD

ONE of the deepest concerns in my heart about England and the air raids is the fate of theater folk. What are they doing? Is there any work for them? And if so, where? Letters tell me that the little Windmill Theater in London, with its non-stop variety show, has kept to its policy and never closed. One from Lilian Braithwaite says that Farjeon has opened a new revue with playing hours from ten in the morning on, and Ivor Novello writes he is in the provinces with a full "Drury Lane Company" of 100 in his musical piece, "The Dancing Years". He adds that the people are hungry for shows and pack the theaters, bombs or no bombs, but also admits that tours and bookings are badly disrupted with, as he says, 11,000 theater workers jobless. "But I would not be away from England," he declares, "for 10,000 a week." And I suspect he meant pounds.

I think the most living proof of friendship ever offered me came the other day in a letter from Lady Askwith, in whose house I have lived, and whose daughter is my dearest friend.

From London amid the shambles of her neighborhood, this busy, active, warm-hearted woman of over seventy, wrote: "You are 'family' to us, and I wish you were here!"

"I wish you were here!" I had been wishing they were all here in this country, but I don't any more; not after that message and Ivor's letter.

Of course, many of our profession have joined up in the army or navy or home forces, but surely there must be hun-

dreds of older actors, character actors and young chorus girls, who have neither work in the theater nor training for war work. These are the air-raid victims I should like to see helped by some of the proceeds of tonight's benefit.

The bombs may have altered the London I knew and remember, but a letter from C. B. Cochran sounds a note of cheer. "I still have my Bond Street office," he writes, "for the simple reason that my landlord won't release me. Also, with the Guildhall and other landmarks obliterated C. B. C.'s office is becoming one of the few remaining sights of London."

With that office still functioning or even still standing when all this is over, we can hope for theater activity of some sort.

But let us not be too sentimental; the real truth is that even if Bond Street and Shaftsbury Avenue, the Ivy Restaurant and the Old Vic are reduced to rubble, somebody or group of somebodies will find a market square and the tail of a cart, some actors and some plays, and the theater will go on. In the meantime we in America are privileged to enjoy ourselves in air-conditioned palaces, both in front of and behind the footlights, while those in Britain dare to snatch entertainment or dare to provide it under circumstances almost impossible to imagine.

I would not minimize the efforts of others who face the same dangers with equal courage but my especial interest lies with my fellow-workers. I'm worried about them. And so I trust this expression of concern for all air-raid victims will not fail to include a separate salute to the actors! For they are "family."



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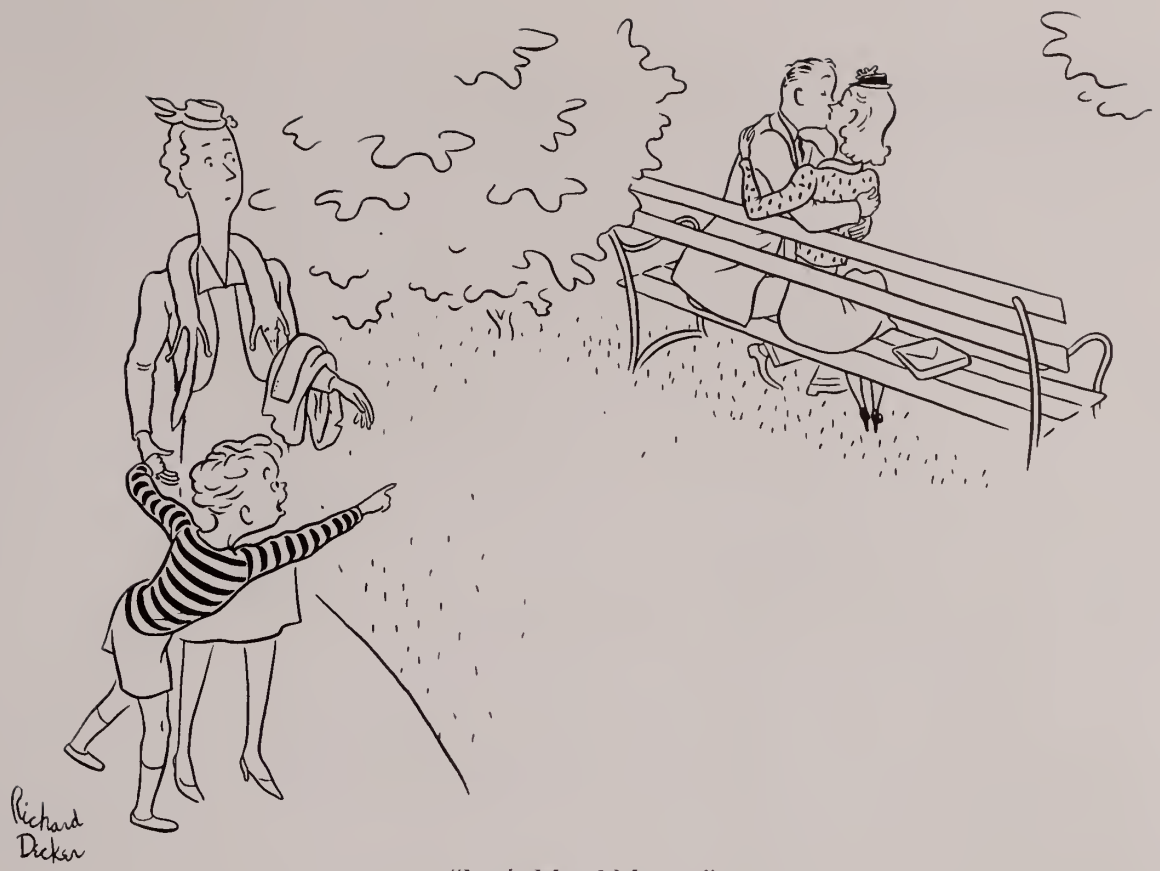
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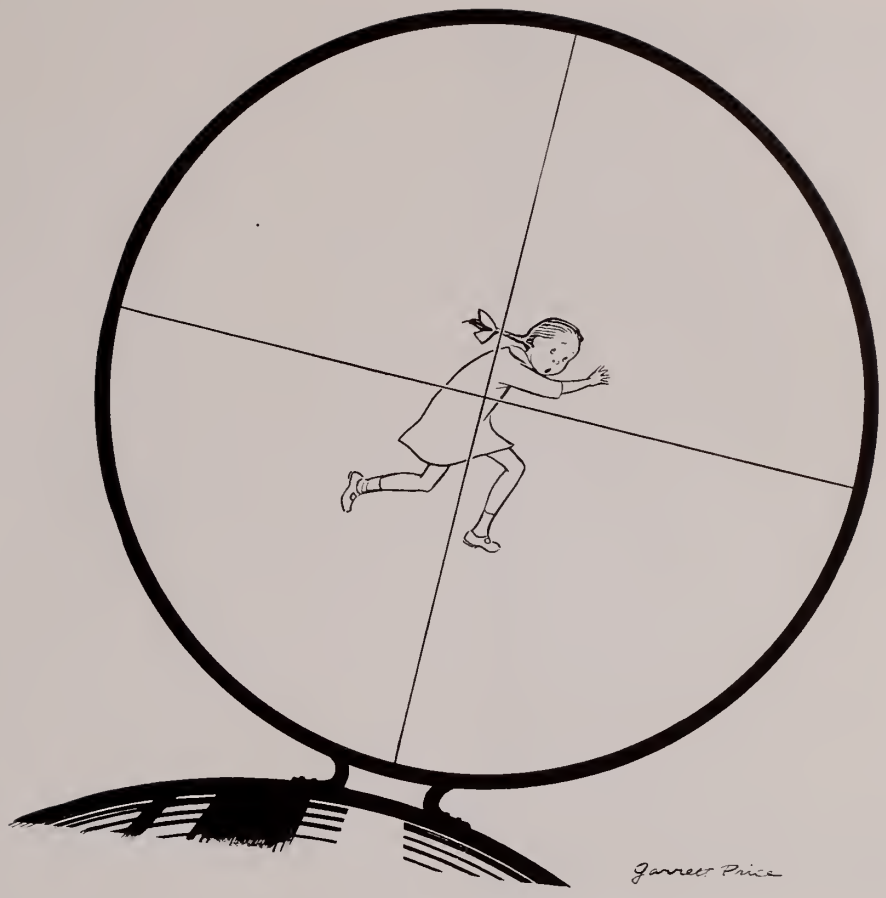
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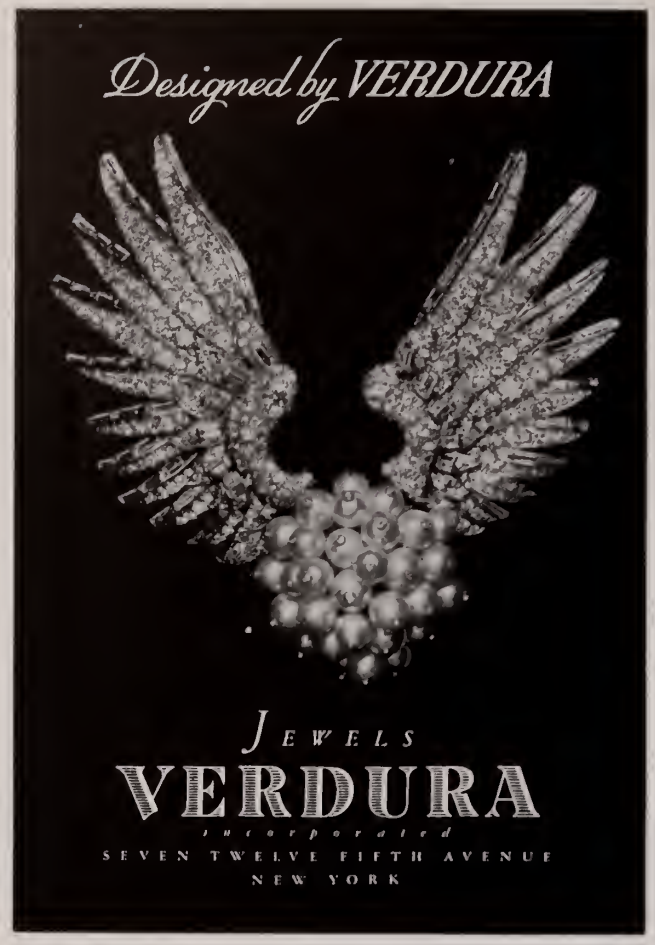
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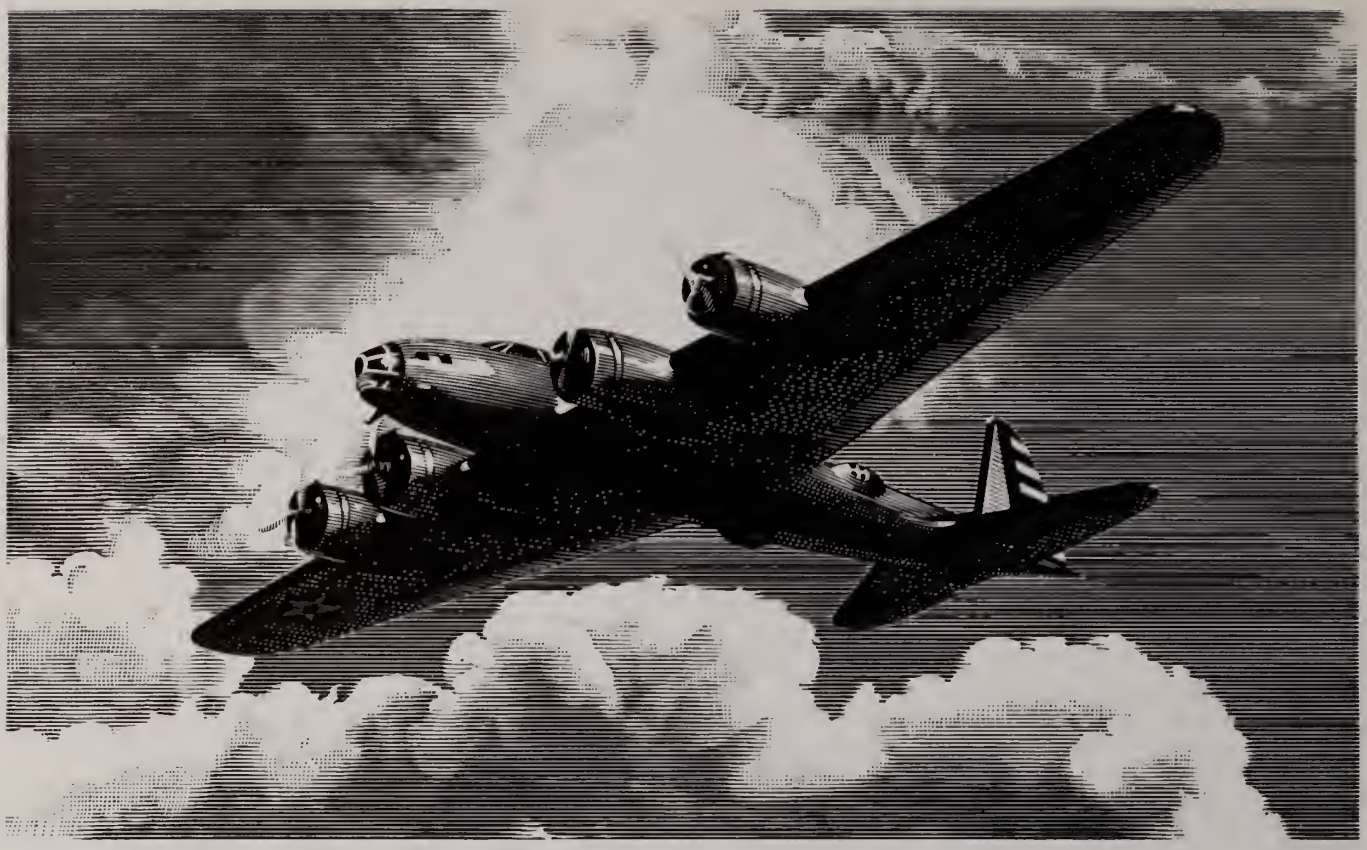
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